Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound, and read out this.

Cap. Sound Trumper.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoast of the Army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, supposed Earle of Gloceſter, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appeare at the thirde sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Baſt. Sound. Againe.

Enter Edgar at the third sound, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this call o'th trumpet?

Her. What are you? your name and quality?
And why you answer this present summons?

Edg. O know my name is lost by Treasons tooth:
Bare-gnawne and canker-bit,
Where is the aduersary I come to cope with all?

Alb. What is that aduersary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloster?

Baſt. Himselfe, what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart, thy arme
May do thee iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor, sword, and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to the gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor: say thou no,
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,
Is bent to proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake thou lyest.

Baſt. In wisedome I should aske thy name,
But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,
And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,
By right of knight-hood I disdaine and spurne,

With

With the hell hatedly ore-turn'd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarsely bruise,
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
Where they shall rest for euer, Trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him.

Gon. This is meere practise Gloster, by the law of Armes
Thou art not bound to offer an vnknowne opposite,
Thou art not vanquisht, but cousned and beguild.

Alb. Stop your mouth Dame, or with this paper shall I stop it: thou worse then any thing, reade thine owne euill. Nay, no tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shal araign me for it.

Alb. Monster, knowst thou this paper?

Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit Gonoril.*

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with, that haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou that hast this fortune on me? If thou beest noble, I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vertues
Make instruments to scourge vs: the darke and vitious place
Where he thee got, cost him his eyes.

Baſt. Thou hast spoken truth,
The wheele is come full circkled, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A royall nobleneſſe, I must embrace thee,
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know it.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord,
List a breefe tale, and when tis told,